

## THE ANACONDA STANDARD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

Delivered by carrier or mail at ten dollars a year, three dollars a quarter or one dollar a month.

## THE STANDARD

The only daily newspaper with telegraph dispatches in Deer Lodge County. It prints more telegraphic news than any other newspaper in Montana.

Correspondence and business letters should be addressed to

## THE STANDARD

Corner of Main and Third streets, Anaconda, Montana.

THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1892.

## ON THE RAIL AGAIN.

Three months ago, when the Montana Union railroad suspended operations, the Butte service of the STANDARD was threatened for a time with serious interruption. There was no break, however—at first provisional arrangements were made for a special run to Butte over the railroad line and, after a time, the STANDARD's pony express was organized and set in operation between Butte and Anaconda.

This service proved to be a success and, with the exception of a single morning when the flood in the valley was at its height and bridges had been carried away, the STANDARD has reached Butte on pretty good time. This result is the more satisfactory when account is taken of the fact that, owing to the unprecedented days of rain, the highway has been at times in almost impassable condition.

Beginning this morning the STANDARD renews its special railroad service under an advantageous arrangement effected through the courtesy of General Manager Burns. An engine has been assigned for the delivery of the Butte edition of the STANDARD. It will have no other service during the run, and it is scheduled to cover the trip from this city to Butte without making any stops, at a rate of speed that will startle the crabs in the canyon. The STANDARD's special engine has absolute right of way over everything on the road and it will break the record for the distance between this city and Butte, covering the road in less than fifty minutes.

Under this arrangement patrons of the STANDARD may look for the prompt delivery of Butte's leading newspaper.

## THE REALIZATION STAKES.

Measured in inches the "shortest of a head" isn't much, but the distance has a mighty meaning when it refers to horses running for the realization stakes at Sheepshead Bay.

The best wishes of a good many people went with the Riverside stable yesterday, but the upshot of an exciting race was that Montana was beaten by a short head. This repeats the experience of June 10, when at Morris Park, in the race for the Belmont stakes, Montana had every chance in the world to win but was beaten by Foxford in the last rod that was run.

Yesterday's course was a mile and five furlongs. Potomac, the winner, was the victor in last year's futurity. In 1889, Mr. Haggan's Salvador won the realization stake, beating Tenny by a nose in a famous race. The time was 2:51. Last year this valuable stake was taken by Mr. Hearst's Tournament, the time being again 2:51. On that occasion Tournament galloped home, a winner without effort. Yesterday, with Potomac first under the wire in a close race, the time was once more 2:51.

Yesterday's event's closed the June meeting of the Coney Island Jockey club.

## FROM ODEBOLT, SAC COUNTY.

Mr. Allison managed a convention of Iowa republicans who nominated yesterday for the office of governor one of the three candidates whose relative availability has been under discussion for weeks. The choice fell to Hiram C. Wheeler, who will conveniently pose as a farmer—he is in fact a farm owner, and he is rich. In return for the service rendered by Mr. Allison in steering the convention, the delegates made place in their platform for words in which his conduct in congress is eulogized.

The Iowa republicans went prohibition full length in the platform adopted yesterday. The way they put it, they declare "against any compromise with the saloon." They resist the movement in favor of high license and the prudent regulation of the liquor traffic. This position will kill the candidates on the republican ticket in November, and thousands of republicans in Iowa and out of it admit as much. On the mistaken theory of enforced prohibition, Iowa republicans packed their party to defeat two years ago, and they have set the snare for their feet again this year.

Not that prohibition is a matter of conscience or conviction with the managers of the republican party in Iowa. They recognize the fact that they are committing themselves to a fatal vagary, but their argument is that, now that the party has been committed, it will probably be defeated if it stays with the dogma of prohibition, it will surely be defeated if it renounces its former declarations on the subject. In fact, on this question of prohibition the republican party in Iowa is between the devil and the deep sea. Quite recently representative leaders in the state have admitted

that next November's contest means defeat, but they supplement this with predictions of the way in which out of defeat in 1891 they will wrest a glorious triumph in 1892. That is a habit into which republicans throughout the country fell with alacrity just after last November's overwhelming. Our republican friends have developed the happy faculty of finding in present defeat the foreshadowing of victories to come.

The Iowa republicans laid it on thick in praise of the McKinley bill, as a matter of course; they approved, with briefest possible reference thereto, the policy which the republican party is pursuing with regard to silver. That is a policy whose gradual unfolding means certain death to free coinage, but Senator Allison's neighbors have to go to it.

Mr. Wheeler, whose nomination was decreed in the fond hope that the alliance men will see in him a truly great and glorious granger, is a resident of Odebolt, Sac county. What a place to hail from!

## SPEAKING OF SMELTERS.

People who find themselves interested in the smelter question will find a point or two worth noting in the STANDARD's special correspondence of this morning from Wardner in relation to the smelter plant at Spokane Falls. The STANDARD cannot say how much merit there may be in the comments of its correspondent regarding Spokane Falls as an available center of smelting operations. It has been thought that the opening of the new line of railroad from Missoula to the Coeur d'Alenes will prompt the capitalists of Missoula to study the smelter question, although we do not know that the matter has yet been seriously taken up, nor can it be said without further inquiry whether the undertaking would be well suited to Missoula. Livingston is the place of all others in Montana which is going to be adapted to the successful operating of a large smelting plant, and most of us will doubtless live to see a smelting works erected there.

As far as the Spokane Falls affair is concerned, there are plenty of reasons, quite aside from conjecture or quality of ores, to account for its failure. As we understand it, the undertaking got a good subsidy to begin with in the shape of land. A smelter was built at a cost of about \$80,000. Then the thing was stocked, far above its legitimate value, of course, and the investment was presented in the usual tempting form to eastern capitalists. When it came to practical operation, this smelter was found to be five miles away from railroad tracks.

Thereupon, loud calls were made on Mr. Oakes, of the Northern Pacific, to run a branch to the works. The people in Spokane Falls waited a long time for word from Mr. Oakes. When he was on his recent journey westward they expected a long conference with him, but the Northern Pacific magnate went through the town without stopping and on to the coast. Then the members of the Mining Exchange in Spokane Falls bombarded Mr. Oakes with telegrams, earnestly soliciting his presence in the city. He stopped there, saw the situation, and gave a definite answer in five minutes, saying that if six per cent. were guaranteed on the actual cost of the branch road, it would be built instantly. That settled it. The offer was a reasonable business proposition, but nobody came to the front with the guaranty.

This is the situation, if the STANDARD has been accurately informed; so that there are all sorts of reasons why the smelter at Spokane Falls looks just now like a failure.

The managers of the world's fair have been racking their brains to hit upon some distinctively attractive feature for the big show—something which should be to the Chicago fair what the Eiffel tower was to the exposition at Paris. Yesterday's dispatches say that there has recently been discovered in Chicago an establishment where the flesh of broken down, emaciated and diseased horses is made into sausage and sold to the poor. Here is a suggestion to the managers of the fair. They can set up this sausage plant on the grounds and let the world see how the thing is done. It might interfere with the sausage trade, but it would attract the poor in droves, and the gate receipts would feel it.

There is no reason to doubt the presence of the pest in Tehama county, Cal., but when it is announced that "three men caught 500 pounds of grasshoppers in two hours," somebody ought to assist the grasshoppers in jumping on Tehama people.

A San Francisco doctor claims to have discovered a flea exterminator and Professor Van Eusebotten of Middletown, Conn., has found a new insect, which attacks and kills current worms. He proposes to cultivate the useful insect extensively, with the hope of exterminating the current pest, which all other means have failed to accomplish. These endeavors are all right as far as they go, but if a scientist wishes his name handed down to posterity on a par with the names of Koch and Edison, he should direct his energies to the discovery of something that will act as a mosquito annihilator.

The Potomac ran a little too swift yesterday. Switzerland, the little mountain democracy of Europe, will be 600 years old on the 1st of next August, and the Swiss propose to celebrate the event. Switzerland is about the size of an ordinary Missouri county ranch, but for a dwarf she has always got along pretty well in the world, and is entitled to all the blowout she wants.

One of the curious results of the financial success of the Eiffel tower of Paris has been the institution of a Portable Captive Balloon society. The projectors argue that there is evidently a latent passion in the human breast to ascend to high elevations and gaze upon extended

views, and they propose to travel throughout the country with captive balloons capable of lifting spectators to a height one-third greater than that of the Paris tower. Every provision seems to be made for high-fliers these days.

Potomac beat Montana by "the shortest of a head" as the Associated Press puts it. Montana could hardly have been as long-headed as usual.

A notice upon the window of a North Georgia postoffice reads: "When you turn for Yore Male have Pashuns Know Shootin around the Post-office duren businours by cardur of the Postmaster his sine and Seal Chikens bot on Kommission." In the face of this announcement, even Mr. Wannamaker will hardly be disposed to do any firing in this post-office.

A Paris correspondent declares that Sardon, the French playwright, writes a hand so fine that it almost requires a magnifying glass to read it. When a man gets a thing down so fine as that it may be said to be out of sight.

Strathmeath, the winner of the Chicago derby, may be something of a runner but when he runs up against Montana he runs short of speed.

Under the impression that he had caught a burglar in the act, a St. Joseph, Mo., policeman the other night shot in the back a young man who was simply standing on the outside and craning his neck through a parlor window in order to kiss his best girl. The Romeo and Juliet act is hardly adapted for performance in real life.

The wife of a Boston broker sailed for Peru to visit her sister, and when she arrived there she sent him a cablegram, which cost him \$700, to announce the fact. The most of the message, however, told how her dog fell overboard and could not be saved. There is reason to believe that the Boston man felt considerable worse over it than his wife.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

Read This Aloud to Your Tormentors. From the Atchison Globe.

Every time a man makes trouble for others he lays up sleepless nights somewhere in the future for himself.

What Did St. Paul Say About Marrying. From the Detroit Free Press.

The engagement of St. Paul and Minneapolis has been announced. The difference between this marriage and a good many others is that in this case they quarrel first and then marry.

A Dire Possibility. From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

When the Bob Ingersoll Sunday comes to be generally observed employers may take it into their heads that if it does no harm to play no harm can come of working on Sunday. It will be rather tedious for working people when they shall have no day of rest at all.

A Shrewd Guess. From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Now the report crops out that the Indianapolis conference was really an Alger gathering under the cloak of Blaine and Gresham. Perhaps the discovery may yet be made that it was a gathering in the interest of the distinguished politicians who composed it.

A Many-Sided Man. From the Pittsburg Post.

William Henry Huribert, defendant at London in the malodorous suit for breach of promise, etc., brought by Gladys Evelyn, an actress, and who is said to have written Gladys some very naughty letters, is the author of some of the sweetest sacred songs in the Unitarian hymn book. Gladys evidently thought such a divine singer would not prove a gay deceiver, but she was mistaken.

An Exemplary Constitution. From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The new constitution of Kentucky provides that the governor shall be elected in the odd numbered years, the representatives in the even numbered years, and that the governor shall be elected at the same time and place as the representatives. Since the constitution tinkers have become sober they have been wondering whether they have any provision at all for the election of a governor.

Always Right and President to Boot. From the Springfield Republican.

George Washington knew the value of newspaper advertising. In a reproduction in fac simile of its first number, printed 118 years ago, the Baltimore American displays a half-column "ad" by the father of his country, announcing that he had bought 10,000 acres of land which he divided into homesteads and was ready to place upon the market. George was a great man, but he had an eye to business.

Everybody Happy. From Life.

Princeton feels very cocky just now. She has introduced "heeler" practice into Presbyterian politics with considerable present success, and her ball nine has just overcome the Congregationalist nine from New Haven. The Yale Christians expect, however, to gain balm by overcoming the Harvard Unitarians at New London, and as the recent raids have shown that Harvard is entirely beyond redemption, everybody is happy.

Swift Pacific Travel. From the New York Sun.

The new steamships of the Canadian Pacific line, running between Yokohama and Vancouver, are making even quicker passages than it was expected they would make when they were launched. The time of the first voyage of any of the liners between the Japanese and Canadian ports was put on record last month as 11 days and fifteen hours; but now we have another of them with a record of 10 days and 21 hours, or the fastest run ever made across the Pacific ocean. There can be no doubt that this new line will be advantageous to Canada, by promoting its trade with Asiatic countries. We ought to have a new American line between San Francisco and Yokohama, consisting of at least three steamships as powerful, as serviceable and as rapid as the British-built liners, Empress of India, Empress of Japan and Empress of China.

MODERN ROMANCE. Love and Science Unsup Hands While the Old Folks Swear. From the New York Sun.

The age so long foretold by poets and romancers is at hand—the golden age, the age of aluminum, the age of wings and of ships that soar through the air—for at

last a pair of New England lovers have neglected the swift steed of romance, the cozy and familiar buggy of realistic novels, and the swifter but still more commonplace railroad of everyday life, and have actually eloped in a balloon. Clara Goodrich, a maiden of Pittsfield, Mass., met Walter Cooper. He was a merry aeronaut and she was sweet sixteen. What could they do but love? The morning of Decoration Day, dressed in her brother's clothes, she stole quietly from her parents' house and joined her lover at the fair grounds. Lovers have done these things before, lovers will do them ever more, but never lover did what Clara did at the Pittsfield fair. Medieval romance blended there with the science of the twenty-first century. The faithful aeronaut was there with his trusty balloon. Gallantly he held the awaying monster as she stepped confidently into the slender car. Instantly Walter and Clara were side by side, and in a moment was according to a heaven of blue skies and rapture, when in the dim distance beneath them they descried the angry upturned face of aged Mrs. Goodrich, while Dan Cupid laughed aloud. So near, and yet so far, they might still hear her maledictions, but had no cause to heed them; the swiftest steed in the stables could not reach them, no telegraph-warned policeman could stay their flight. Would they might sail forever thus through the serene air! But, alas, even the balloon of love cannot stay forever at such empyrean heights, and great may be the fall of it when it comes to earth. Even now the grief-stricken but untiring mother is at St. Louis, Mo., inquiring for the airborne wanderers; but what adventures will be theirs before she finds them. Love indeed teaches new wiles to each generation in New England.

## LIGHT AND AIRY.

Miss Fuzz—Susie, have you seen the latest designs in bonnets?

Susie—I have not.

Miss Fuzz—They're too cute for anything; why, I believe they'll make an ugly woman real handsome.

Susie (sweetly)—Why don't you get one as an experiment?—*Atlanta Constitution*.

First Pickpocket—Bill was over to Philadelphia the other day.

Second Pickpocket—Did he do any business?

"Got his hand into a banker's pocket."

"What luck did he have?"

"Frustrate; got his hand back."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I say," said Gus de Jay, as he laid the paper across his knees, "this article says that a flood of intelligence is going to sweep the country."

"Well, dear boy, don't let it worry you," replied Willie Washington. "You're not likely to be a ty flood sufferer, you know."—*Washington Post*.

"And she rejected you?"

"She did."

"By Jupiter! And yet they say that women have no sense."—*New York Press*.

All truth is calm, they say.

And yet, with some surprise, we learn, at night or day,

Truth never lies.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Editor—Yes, sir! Our circulation is rising so rapidly that we can use it instead of an elevator.

Awe-struck Subscriber—But how do you get down? Walk?

Editor—Not much. We utilize the rapidly decreasing circulation of "The Earth" for that purpose. Did you say one year?

—*New York Telegram*.

Elder Berry—It is no use to try to get Johnson into the church.

Deacon Quickset—Why not?

Elder Berry—He says that when the world was created some one must have worked over nine hours.—*New York Herald*.

"So your son has been graduated?"

"Yes."

"What do you intend to do with him?"

"I'm going to send him to Greece; he must know all about that country, for Greek is the only study in which he took first place."—*New York Post*.

## THE UPPER TEN.

Foraker has just sold 7,000 acres of land for \$10 an acre.

Prof. Charles D. McIver has been elected president of the Girls' Normal college, at Greensboro, N. C.

Congressman Belden in a speech delivered at Syracuse urged republicans to nominate Chauncey M. Depew for governor.

Senator Eustis of Louisiana has taken possession of the house at Manchester-by-the-Sea, near Boston, which he has leased for the summer.

Justice Lamar of the supreme court has given his cordial endorsement to the proposed blue and gray reunion at the Chicago world's fair.

Heinrich Schmilinski, the greatest millionaire of Hamburg, has decided to leave his immense fortune to build an asylum for unmarried women.

Ex-Attorney General Rufus A. Byers of Virginia 15 years ago was a page in the senate of Virginia. Now it is said he is worth \$500,000, and he has just finished a magnificent residence near Big Stone Gap.

The Rev. Dr. Breckinridge, who fell dead at the Pennsylvania general assembly in Detroit, had \$20,000 insurance on his life. His policy expired the day before his death and he renewed it by telegraph.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg, former ruler of Bulgaria, who so gallantly defeated King Milan in the Bulgarian-Servia war of 1885, is dangerously ill. He is suffering from an ulcer in the stomach.

## TINTINNABULATION.

Oh, a wonderful thing is this tariff on tin—so wonderful no one knows where to begin.

To point out to voters the benefits great that the poor man derives from the tax on tin plate!

The men who've been making tin plate over the sea are as busy as busy men ever could be.

For millions of pounds, aye, and still millions more.

They are making to ship to our tariff blessed shore!

But the men who are making tin plate here at home.

With a gratitude lively for favors to come, are turning out quantities of it—on paper.

And this increased prices are just the right cater!

Now and then, with an effort, they do make at least enough for the guests at a high-tariff feast.

To look at and think, "with such fine home-made tin."

For the overtaxed voter to grumble's a sin!

But bona fide orders they can't fill, because—

Well, instead of tin-plate they make only the laws.

Which heighten the cost of the laborer's nail.

And put precious little home-made tin on a shelf.

—*New York Herald*.

## LOSEE &amp; MAXWELL

110 MAIN STREET,

ANACONDA.

## Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes

\*—AND—\*

## MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

\*—HAVE—\*

## A NEW THING ON FOOT

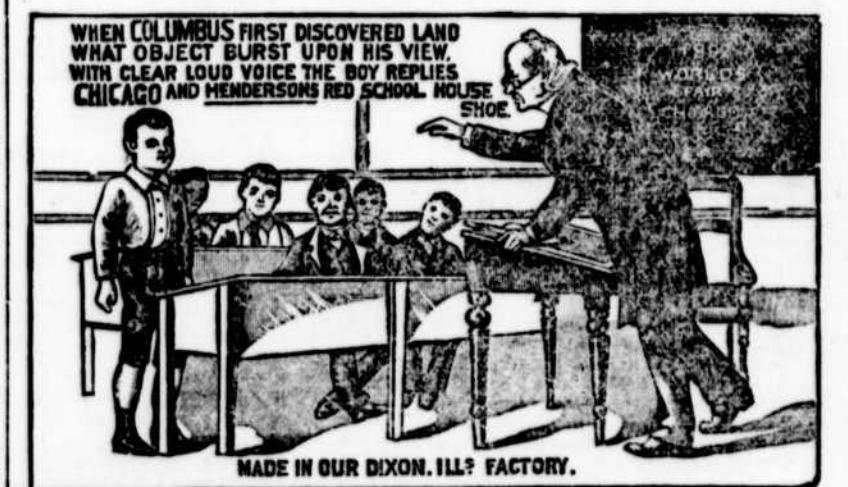
It would have tickled Athens to death, this "New Thing" would. For the Athenian went about in a décollete Shoe tied to his foot with a corset lace, and the New Thing we have on foot is our

**\$2.50** MEN'S SHOE.

These Shoes are Remarkable for Quality, Style and Comfort, but their

## MOST REMARKABLE FEATURE

IS PRICE. It requires the combination of Low Prices and high grade to do it, that is why Our Shoes are Cheap.



MADE IN OUR DIXON, ILL. FACTORY.

WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF

## LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES.

We are also agents for the celebrated RED SCHOOL HOUSE SHOE for Boys and Girls.

## LOSEE &amp; MAXWELL

110 MAIN STREET, ANACONDA.